

"This last year has been tough on our family. We are very thankful for the support we've received from so many. Through this many have questioned why and what happened. Some of you know, but many were unaware that Alle had struggled with an eating disorder for several years. She had many ups and downs along her journey with an eating disorder including hospital stays and treatment programs. Alle was an honor student and held herself to a much higher standard than those who loved her. She struggled with an internal pressure that blinded her to what the rest of us saw. Eating disorders are unfortunately very common but like other mental disorders are in many cases taboo to discuss, surrounded by myths, stereotypes and stigma. They commonly include anxiety and depression components and have the highest mortality rate of any mental disorder with suicide being a leading cause of death. Depression from an eating disorder took our Alle and it's time we stop making the topic taboo so families like us can understand it before tragedy strikes.

Recovery is possible, if you need help please reach out for help.

Alle expressed herself through writing and art... these are two of her pieces that resonate some of her struggles. "

Honesty

What I see in the mirror is judgement, manipulation, distortion.

I lift my shirt to see four years of damage.

I can hear the ghostly whispers, the snickering.

Exposing the angles of manipulation, sucking it in from all sides to minimize unfavorable lumps, pinching and stretching skin. I can feel every bone, but all I see is the fat.

The ghostly sounds ring in my ears.

I'm skin and bones, hair falling out, teeth eroding away, exhaustion is set in the face, limbs are cold and losing feeling, heart failing, but my brain can only think - not enough.

The perceptions of words warp.

The perceptions of sight warp.

They warp our thought until it is damaging, irreversible.

And honestly, I wish this wasn't me

~ Alexandria Peres



Alexandra Pires

It has been an emotional week... Alle received an Honorary Diploma and her cap & gown...We also presented the inaugural "Alexandrea Peres Art Memorial Scholarship" this week at the Annual Seniors Award Night...we are approaching the first anniversary since we lost Alle, life will never be the same and we miss her so very much....Alle wrote a poem that I'm going to share....

"Life goes on.

Whether you choose to move forward, and take a chance in the unknown.

Or whether to stay put, thinking of

what could have been. So let go.

Go on to find a beautiful journey because

the moment you become stuck to one place

you are done. Everything will move on,

without you. In some ways, I feel it is death

that defines life. It is the

completion of this journey. Only that

seems to makes us, and others,

look at the theirs and their own journey

objectively. But then again,

what is life if we don't live.

What is life without loving our family,

laughing with our friends,

taking another walk to your job,

smelling your favorite aromas, or

eating your favorite foods again, or

feeling the sun touch your face, or

feeling the raindrops falling down your face.

What is life without

smiling and crying. What is life without

doing? Without being

afraid, being

angry, being

strong, being

excited, being

kind, being

courageous, and being

surprised. What is life

without being?

So let's move on, with

life."

~ By Alexandrea Peres

Alle Peres

LaHarpe, Kansas -- Died May 8, 2016, at the age of 17

The Bulldog community is heartbroken by the sudden loss of Alle Peres, the daughter of Michael & Michelle Peres. Alle and her parents are members of the Heart Of America Bulldog Club.

Alle was a constant at shows and could be seen sketching Bulldogs ringside starting at the age of 10. She was an accomplished artist winning numerous awards for her talent and even won Best of Show in the Pioneer League Art Show the last two years in a row.

Alle was commissioned by BCA members nationwide to capture their dogs in her artwork. She also donated many pieces to specialty shows and rescue groups. One of her pieces was chosen to represent the 2013 Greater Seattle Bulldog Club Specialty Shows logo.

Alle also excelled at school and was an Honor Roll student, receiving several Presidents Awards For Educational Achievement for Outstanding Academic Achievements; and a member of the National Society of High School Scholars.

Alle's heart dog is George Jr. She entered the show ring when George Jr was a puppy. At first not by choice, but because he was a stubborn Bulldog puppy and would not show well for anyone but Alle.

Her proudest moment showing him was at the 2013 Bulldog Club of America Nationals in Chattanooga, TN; they placed Third among a very competitive American Bred Class on National Day.

The moment was captured with a thumbs up from the ring.



*Death leaves a heartache no one can heal,
Love leaves a memory no one can steal.*



Alle Peres

1999-2016
Beloved daughter of Michael & Michelle Peres

Alle was a beautiful person with a beautiful soul. She left a lasting impression on everyone she met. She was thought highly of and will be missed by many.

She was known for her compassion, sincerity, inspiration, intelligence and honesty. Alle was a very caring person who enjoyed helping others. It always made her day to brighten someone else's.

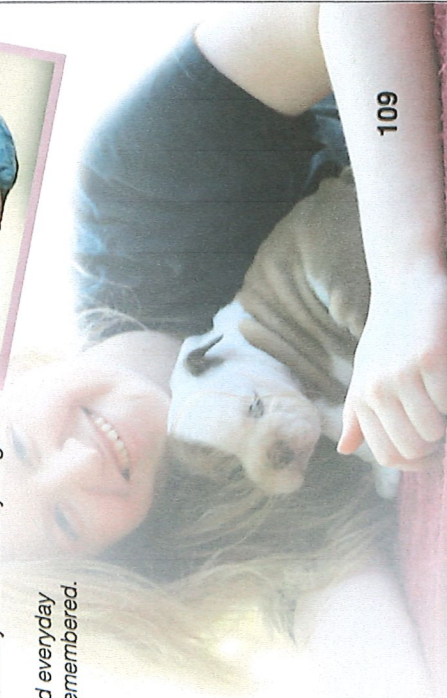
Alle was always at the top of her class. She excelled at school and was always an honor roll student who received numerous awards for her academic achievements. Alle's teachers always remarked "she is special"; even if she struggled with a subject she was working on. She never complained, but instead pushed herself, going the extra mile until she got it right.

Bulldogs have always been a big part of Alle's life, she was passionate about them. Alle's heart dog is George Jr. She and George Jr. were inseparable and loved each other dearly. Alle loved taking him to shows and obedience in 4-H. Alle's proudest moment was showing George Jr. at the 2013 Bulldog Club of America Nationals, placing third in a very nice Am. Bred Class on National Day. The moment was caught in a picture that we will all treasure as Alle gives a "thumbs up".

Alle was an accomplished artist winning numerous awards for her talent. She was also very passionate about art. Alle started sketching Bulldogs sitting ringside at the age of 10. Her passion for Art & Bulldogs showed in each art piece she did. Alle has done numerous art pieces of Bulldogs nationwide that will always be treasured.

We Love Alle so very much. She accomplished so much and inspired so many of us in her young life.

She is deeply missed everyday and will forever be remembered.



We are here tonight to hand out the first Alle Peres Art Memorial Scholarship. As you all know Alle had a passion for academics & art, for her family & friends and Bulldogs.

Alle was known for her sincerity, compassion, inspiration, and intelligence; she was a very kind caring person who enjoyed helping others. Alle loved learning and excelled at school, she was always an honor roll student who was proud of her academic achievements.

Alle was an accomplished artist who was very passionate about art. She wanted to continue her education in college in the arts program. Alle was exceptionally driven, talented and caring and we hope to honor those traits with this scholarship.

"Alle Peres' Art Memorial Scholarship" was started with the suggestion from Alle's graduating class, to honor Alle's love for the arts program in remembrance of Alle.

This years recipient is Brooklyn Storrer. She plans to attend the University of Kansas with a double major in Art & Psychology. Brooklyn's future plan is to pursue a career in Art Therapy with the option to teach either subject at a college level. Congratulations Brooklyn."

We are here tonight to present the Alle Peres Art Memorial Scholarship.

Alle was always an honor roll student who was proud of her academic achievements and an accomplished artist who was very passionate about art.

"Alle Peres' Art Memorial Scholarship" was started with the suggestion from Alle's graduating class, to honor Alle's love for the arts program in remembrance of Alle. She was exceptionally driven, talented and caring and we hope to honor those traits with this scholarship.

This years recipient is Katie Bauer.
Congratulations Katie."

Their Craziness, My Reality

Tim Burton once said, "One person's craziness is another person's reality".

No, that's not right. This isn't...

The mind always gets stuck on a certain thought, image, incident, something that is so small and insignificant to others. Then this little, "insignificant" thought gets replayed in my mind over and over and over again. No matter what I do... they won't stop. I don't want these thoughts, but I can't stop them - it feels like an avalanche - like I'm being buried in twenty feet of snow, suffocating more and more until the air is finally exasperated. Why won't they stop?! Why!?

The anxiety! The alarm is sounding! I can't hear anyone else. I can't think of anything else. I need to respond, react... I MUST DO SOMETHING NOW! I can feel myself picking at my scarred, rosy-pale skin on my arm. I squeezed my hands, until each finger popped. Then I squeezed my small wrists... then I started to bite my already nubbed nails... I wanted to reach for my throat!

This makes no sense! It's not reasonable! Yet... it still feels very real, intense, true... Why would my brain lie? Deceive me? Why would I have these feelings if they weren't true? The brain doesn't lie. Feelings don't lie... do they?

"Jane?... Jane? Are you ok?"

This isn't right. I know i- Who is that!? Who is behind me!?

"Hannah! You scared me!"

"What are you doing Jane?"

She looked at me with her big green eyes into my dark navy blue-grey eyes in concern. I didn't know what to say. I felt paralyzed. So much so the words would not pass through my cupid bowed, rosy lips. I looked back up to the poster. How could I explain to her that a poster that had been hanging there for eight months, a poster that was so small and insignificant, now took up my entire world because of this one little thing that I happened to now notice. I looked back to Hannah, her pale, small, freckled hands gripped around the straps of her purple Vera Bradley backpack on her back.

"Hannah? Do you have a pencil?"

"Yeah. Why?" She asked, tilting her head in curiousness.

I still couldn't answer, explain. She reached for her bag, and after rummaging through, handed me a yellow number two pencil into my lanky fingers. Standing on the very tip of my toes, I took the pencil's tip to the white poster hanging on the wall a foot above me in the stairwell. I then gave the pencil back to her. It is perfect, it is fine now... for now. It's lunch time, we better get there before there is nothing left.

Tim Burton once said, "One person's craziness is another person's reality"
He was right.

Honesty

By Alexandra Peres

What I see in the mirror dictates.
My actions. My worth. My life.
The validity of my my being.

What I see in the mirror is judgement, manipulation, distortion.
I lift my shirt to see four years of damage.
I can hear the ghostly whispers, the snickering.
Exposing the angles of manipulation, sucking it in from all sides to minimize unfavorable lumps,
pinching and stretching skin. I can feel every bone, but all I see is the fat.
The ghostly sounds ring in my ears.
I'm skin and bones, hair falling out, teeth eroding away, exhaustion is set in the face, limbs are
cold and losing feeling, heart failing, but my brain can only think - not enough.

The perceptions of words warp.
The perceptions of sight warp.
They warp our thought until it is damaging, irreversible.
And honestly, I wish this wasn't me

A Feather Is Light
By Alexandra Peres

A feather is
Light
One day we are all destined to be
Caged from flying
To dream only of the sky

A feather is
Light
One day we are all destined to be
Free to fly
To fly in the sky

We are the birds
Destined to fly
Fail or not
Do not let the sky be the limit
But rather the weight of our feathers
Because those who are light are destined to touch the heavens

If We do not
Think
If We do not
Question
If We do not
Defend our Rights and our Freedoms

It will be a crime
to Think
It will be a crime
to Question
It will be a crime
to Exercise our Rights and our Freedoms

We are Failing if
We continue on this way
We will Die if
We continue on this way
We are on the Brink

Behind us is Destruction
Ahead is Revolution

The choice is in our hands,
We the People

Alexandrea Peres

"Golden Hair of An Angel"
In Memory of Alle

Golden hair of an Angel
Spread your wings and fly;
Paint a rainbow of colors
Clear across the sky.

Sometimes in this world we don't understand
Yet God forgives with his blessed hand.
Golden hair of an Angel
Be at peace where you are
For you'll always be our Shining Star.

Know we always miss you,
We treasure the memories shared
Truly know our precious Alle
You're so loved and we cared.

For one day we will meet again
As our hands press gently together;
And we shall fly away with you
Again united forever.

Written by Cathy Hunsperger



What does a hero mean to you?

A hero is someone who stands up for the right reasons, to fight the unjust, to stand up & unify those against the wrong/evil. It can be smart people, dumb, rich, poor, short, tall, men, women, skinny, fat, introvert, extrovert, ANYONE who is willing to stand for the right choice. The human moral choice, the choice that unifies for the greater good than divide for personal greed. A hero can be courageous, strong, brave and/or tough physically and/or mentally. But a true hero is those who can choose a humanly moral choice over their personal interests if it benefits others (those who help, whether it's others or themselves or both). Even your own trials can be a hero to others as an inspirational wisdom.

A HERO IS AN EXTRAORDINARY ORDINARY!

OUR UNIQUENESS IS OUR STRENGTH!

PEOPLE WHO TAKE RISK!

THOSE WHO OVERCOME!

WHO HELP!

WHO UNIFY!

MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

ANYONE & EVERYONE!

~ Alexandria Peres

Your Memory
By: Macayla Bycroft

Death has never been so near
I feel as though I can almost touch it
Thick like the fog in the air
And clouding our minds and making us lose it

No one comments
No one says a word
Mourning silence
That is all that's heard

Some knew her well
Others not at all
But we all come together
To talk, listen, and recall

Memories that few of us shared
We cherish the small thoughts
We show that we care
And we grieve at the loss

We shed quiet tears
We give thoughtful silence
We think back through the years
Those things that will be timeless

You will forever be missed
You didn't have to go
Through all the pain and trouble
It hurts, we know

But God was not done with you
Your memory lives on
You're loved, Alle Peres
We're sad that you are gone

We should've told you sooner
And now past regrets will haunt us

The memory of your kindness
Your talent, your skill
Will forever be shared
At Iola High School